

\$1.00 A YEAR

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H. C. KING, C. P. & T. A
111 E. MAIN ST.

MARRIAGE

BY M. GRIER KIDDER.

The average marriage is coupling two nincompoops in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the rude awakening of love's young dream, the horns of reality; ending the moonlight and romance; orange blossom covering a multitude of sins. "What God joins, let no man sunder," should be, what nature sunder, let no God join. In free love, with sanity, without self delusion, with lunacy, with a body or mind better than tainting parentage? Better a sound nigger than a sick white man; Book or Washington, than Emperor William; nobody's son, with sense, than somebody's son, with nonsense; sanity, than idiocy; At a wedding, a physician license should displace a marriage license; an M. D. a D. D. Many a wedding benediction fathers a funeral sermon. Begetting an incurable is as bad as murdering him; raising misery, no better than curing it. The deformed or idiotic should be killed at birth. Bearing children to suffer like bearing sinners to damn. Love is mutual misanthropy eluding definition; smothering sentimentality, dodging the dictionary; infatuation feeding fancy; emotional insanity's gradualism into emotional madness. Love's approach may be gradual and calm; its arrival sudden and tempestuous. Like death, it claims all seasons, states and ages. Teenage love is peculiar to youth and spring. But an old offender, of seventy-three, eloped last Christmas with a giddy young thing of fifty-seven. Turning jack-ass isn't regulated by the almanac. That marriage reminds me of the almanac. That wedding is a nuisance to all but the loved. He exhorts state sicks like an asthmatic tug boat. Away from his other half, he's as melancholy as a fragment of the Trinity on a foreign mission. Much more before marriage means too little after; present promises inviting future reaction. Better friendship's evolving into the expected, than volcanic lover's erupting into disappointment. Beware of long engagements. Long engagements are like long winded resolutions; enthusiasm consumed with preparation. Too much preparation like too much appetizer, clogs the appetite for what follows. Be a miser of your zeal. Recognize your enthusiasm, especially. Long engagement means marriage as a variety. Marriage, as a variety, means divorce as a variety. If you cultivate monotony, you must expect it to generate variety. Don't let your young man call even his mother. My son's a young man too often, as a lover, he'll be out of it too often, as a husband. Two calls a week preserve the equilibrium and keep an edge on love. You don't want to feel as if you are marrying one of your own family. The engaged man can't say to think that he fills "a long felt want;" that the engaged girl has forgotten every body but him. Animals are bred somehow; people any how. The stock breeder's breeders have treated better than his wife; the mother of his children, worse than the mother of his pedigreed dogs. Who coerces his cow, in the matter of maternity? The prenatal state of the mule is preferable to the prenatal state of his owner. Shouldn't breeding be as scientific as puppy breeding? Bad environment triumphs over good heredity as often as bad heredity withstands good environment. Where prohibition quenches one's thirst, association kindles on the husband. Good is inheritance; my bad, reversal. My environments were the best but embellished with Calvinism; duty adulterated with damnation. My week was six days, with a Presbyterian Sunday at each end. I was that vicissitudinous combination, the son of a gentleman, a devil of God and the favorite of the God. The composer of the Shorter Catechism ought to have been hanged for disseminating obscene literature. It took all my heredity to keep me from running away with the environment. Result, good stock. Encouraged with colts, you naturally bring a fool. That settles the heredity. Being rich, your children are not trained. That settles the environment. Result, poor stock. The environment, you go around, wondering, "Why God has punished you in your old age." Doesn't heredity hold in man? It holds in beast. What have the number of legs to do with it? Look at Royalty!

Kings and queens have bred in-and-in till "prince" has become synonym with "plump." The best bred people were the early Americans. Immigration has ruined us. Drunkards, lunatics and criminals have equal rights to marry. Such are notoriously faithful in bequeathing their estates. But a traitor, they are nearer to nature. The nearer to nature, the more pronounced are natural traits. Again, crime, insanity, etc., are intensities, so to speak. The parent, under an intense strain, so stamps the offspring. Many an intellectual brain depends upon circumstances. The criminal rarely reformed. He lacks the moral sense. Teaching him morality, who has no moral sense, is like teaching him Free thought, who has no sense. Many an intellectual brain lacks the moral department. Few racials are fools! Good inherited traits are more easily eradicated by bad environment, than are bad inherited traits by good environment, because it is more natural. The more natural, there'd be no premium on goodness. Only preachers and being good as easy as being bad. Don't confound heredity with revelation. Heredity, your child receives from you; revelation through you. In heredity, you are the front; in revelation and funeral. You may have an intellectual son. Don't be alarmed. Perhaps he went back to his great grand daddy for what his daddy lacks. You are not, necessarily, the "whole show." So, if your offspring doesn't look like you, don't get mad and call marriage a failure. Just so he doesn't look like your preacher, thank God and take courage. Draper, I think, says the prenatal state is uninfluenced by external. But a mother's disposition, etc., sum to control him. Jacob colored the unborn cattle. A Catholic woman bears Christ's wound in her side and hands. Every Good Friday, the wounds open and discharge the redeeming claret. A crucifix had been by mother's constant companion. You see, when you reproduce, you may expect a monkey by reversion; a lunatic by inheritance or a caricature by association. Such facts are known to stock breeders. The English experiment many years to get a deerhound. Thirty years of crossing and recrossing gave a mongrel; another ten, the deerhound. Suppose you had bred folks for years, to get a Free-thinker and expense, had nothing to show but a Socialist. Reversion is the marvel of biology. It often sets a blight in a family of brutes. This is especially noted among our colored families. What is commoner than baboon traits among the Catholic Irish? This sounds as flattering to posterity as disrespectful to ancestors. But its trend reversal shows more clearly in the young, because it has been less affected with the artificiality of environment. What is a baby, but a hairless monkey? During gestation, the offspring, passing through each animal stage, reaches the human phase. Then birth occurs and the arrival is said to have a soul and to be eligible for hell. When the child is taken, it is born before evolution, from prehistoric phase, it resembles some remote ancestor. The hermaprodite for instance! Darwin says our most distant ancestors were double seeded. Think of being uncertain whether you are a lady or a gentleman! Gestation is simply quick evolution, from the tadpole through the embryonic, to man. What evolution effects in millions of years, gestation effects in nine months. If that doesn't prove Darwinism, what the devil does it prove? Reversion shows in the male manne. The were functional. Otherwise, why should we them. Like most other ornaments, they are ornamental because they were useful. Once more, what means the clairance at the spinal base, in every young infant? That clairance was the pre-adamite cut for the ancestral trial. But disease is the mother of uselessness. To keep anything, make it pay for its keep. Or, it will shrink into a present memory of past usefulness. Chapter on the tadpole, only a plump vermiform appendix; Elvira Miller's, the functional, antediluvian article under a full-head of steam. His has died from want of exercise. Her's has developed from being kept on the jump. Don't marry an old acquaintance. If you do, every matrimonial row will recall some auto-matrimonial fault. The marriage service is the death service of the dead past. Don't let recollection resurrect faint skeletons. The immortality of antecedents is the death of love. Moore's faith in your wife's forgetfulness. Never mistake the suspended animation of a woman's memory for its death. There never was a domestic squabble in which the wife didn't spring something on the husband. The wife either thought she hadn't known or would have sworn she had forgotten. All this comes of marrying your "first love." You needn't advertise for a wife. Advertised wives advertised husbands. But keep cool! Go 'way

from home! Look 'round! Above all, go where the women will have no chance to compare notes and say, "Why he told me the same thing!" Find your wife at as great a distance as possible. Then keep her mother where you found her daughter. The "mother-in-law" may be a saint. But a saint mother-in-law is no joke. Why should folks joke about the mother-in-law? I'd as soon joke about an epidemic. Some afflictions are too sacred for facetiousness. A mother-in-law in the house is like a Socialist at a Free thought meeting; the unwanted doing all the talking; the storm center of the domestic typhoon; the vortex of conjugal squalls; a chronic reminder that two was company, three is a crowd. The mother-in-law is the only thing that with stands evasion. Caused last effect even the Westminster Confession of Faith, do "pass her by as doth the idle wind, which she regards not." As she was in Juvenal's time, she is now. She was in the beginning, she is now and ever will be, world without end. Yesterday, today and forever! Of course there are exceptions to all rules. But in some rules, the exceptions are powerful science. So when your wife says: Wouldn't it be nice, to have Ma pay us a month's visit? Say "No!" "Month," in mother-in-law chronology, means "eternity" in son-in-law vernacular. When the old lady is moored bow-and-stern in your home, it's too late to kick. The efficacy of prayer is limited; the age of miracles, past. Marriage should be the guarantee of the home; the sheet anchor of common decency. But legal haphazard conjunction is no better than free communism. Promiscuous breeding visits the sins of the parents on both children and community. Many a marriage certificate is a letter of marque to generate lunatics, a carte blanche to glut the penitentiary. Religion can't sanctify a foolish marriage. A lie can't sanctify a mistake. Methodists, for a century, have been trying to sanctify camp meetings. Now, who sees a Methodist church without thinking of a camp meeting? Mystery is the source of pride, prudery, the source of ignorance. What kind of a daughter do you expect from a mother whose legs have atrophied into "limbs"? Should a girl's physical knowledge be inverse to her modesty? Hasn't she the right to know her body, that any other engineer has to know his engine? Is discussing body worse than discussing mind? Innocence has too long been the proof of innocence. We seem to think it takes a dunce to be decent. The average young woman needs nothing else so much as an introduction to herself. Of course preachers oppose such information. But those who breed God by crossing virgins with ghosts, are poor authorities on ordinary procreation. As I'm in the confessional, I'll say it. It may be superfluous hereafter. It seems to be of a Kidder's essentials here. I'm losing no sleep over my soul. I've been taught that to Jehovah and Old Nick, share and share alike. I want no part of my estate. We have bred a few in the Presbyterian church, some years ago. Up-to-date, there has been no discord over that paw. How sweet it is for brethren in unity to dwell!

I hear Mormon mothers and children are healthier than ours. Mr. Young left forty Mrs. Youngs, and a venty odd Youngsters; one child and a fraction by each wife. I'm reckoning, of course, from official returns. Isn't one child and a fraction by one wife, more humane than children by one wife? The majority of wives are terribly abused. At least, making one woman stock a village doesn't impress as marked consideration. A woman marries, graduates in arithmetical progression and wonders why she is in a physical and nervous wreck. How would you like to bear a child every two years for twenty years, then go to hell for doubting the immaculate Conception? Two children are sufficient for any woman. Fewer means a spilt child; more, a spilt mother. Children, like teeth, cause trouble before they come, after they come, after they go. Mrs. Blank, of my physical culture class, said: "I have nine children. But a baby is welcome when ever God sends." That's what husbands call "domesticity," preachers and pious old maids "resignation." It strikes me that that sister needs mental culture more than physical culture. When woman ceases to be a fool, she ceases to be a multiplication table. Few Californians have large families. We don't stay married long enough. Marriage is more or less of a monotony, this side of Rockies. Ten per cent of us are divorced; fifteen going to be; seventy-five want to be. I believe in divorce. I believe in anything that can be twisted into a proclamation of emancipation. Divorce may be more sacred than marriage; undoes, better than "joins;" secures, preferable to union. Divorce is relief in reserve; the bow of promise brightening the cloud of misery; the newest gift of liberty to the oldest form of slavery. Agree, before marriage, to turn each other loose on demand. Marriage should be: "Two souls, with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one." When one soul begins to extend its mental scope, or one heart varies the rhythm of its interbeat, at once, QUIT! Divorce is rare in the South. While the Southern wife has no more grounds for it than has the Northern wife, she seems to have more. The Northern husband can hide his tricks. But the Southern husband disguises his complexion. To test male morality give it a dark background. My sister, don't look for a vestal in pants. If he be half way decent, take him and call him a bargain. If he keep so, freeze to him and call him a miracle. "Love in a cottage" is the life in a poor house. Don't marry for the honor of being your husband's cook. Don't let Cupid inveigle you into a kitchen. Don't hitch up for the glory of starving to death in cold. Don't blush your celibacy. Queen Elizabeth was an old maid. Man proposed to; Elvira Miller, a stereotyped ditto, with no takers. Kate Austin would be a blossom of parental virginity, but for her resistibility. Man proposed and Catherine was disposed. Don't vacate your "virgin throne" for some fourth rate conservatory. A "rose distilled," may not be attar of rose. But, what ever you be, don't be a bride of Christ. The heavenly husband is wrecked. Some time, I think Christ delays his second coming because there are so many Mrs. Jesuses waiting for him. Don't worry about the oil till the bridegroom comes. Wait! He'll show up before you make a mess of his resistibility. Man proposed and marriage may not be the expected. I've heard of cases of the unexpected. If worse comes to worst, be an old maid and write a book on, "What I know about children." It may not be a very profitable venture. But the greatest comfort, next to "being there," is convincing others what "We'd have done, if we'd been there." Finally, dear friend, I would that you remain as I am. If you see no better chance than I see.

You hear much of "forbearance," forbearance, to bring happiness, must be mutual. Chronic humoring by one begets chronic humoring by the other. Tyranny is born of slavery. Few of us can stand eternal patience. Look at the preacher! Unbridled patience breeds abridged patience; abject submission, absolute arrogance. Doesn't a soft answer turn away wrath?—as my dear friend Moore says. But we come to the end of our tether. Let us allow, in my opinion, two idiots to be put to rest. Mr. Moore! I don't know what to say. Congratulations! Supplied church slugs "O perfect Love!" Within six months, they are raising perfect hell. When they first meet, they are on their good feet. They are on their good feet. Then comes experience. Every fault is magnified through disappointment. Mutual selfishness ensues. And, if there be any casenessness of selfishness, I'd like to hear it. Would you look for a desirable brood from such a combination? I'd as soon look for prize steers from a pair of mad dogs; or for a new Messiah in an old maid's retreat. Love, like any other disease, can be caught on sight. You need be introduced to no stranger to contract his snail-pots. Such love, however, is a poor preparation for married life. Be not mutually forbearing, but mutually truthfulness, to learn too much. Few facts in married life are extracted by cross examination. Paul says: "If a husband loves his wife, let her as he loves his husband." The trouble is, if he knew anything, not worth knowing, he'd tell her without her asking. But if he knew anything, worth knowing that she doesn't know, would know and ought to know, he's mighty apt to lie about it. If the wife would know anything, let her ask some other woman. But never try to secure authentic data by pumping the old man. Should Protestants and Catholics intermarry? In my judgment, No! Not: because of one, matrimonial or religious! No hybrids, physical or spiritual! I never saw a mule that wasn't meaner than a jackass; a mule that wasn't meaner than a nigger. Protestants should marry any but Catholics; Catholics, none but Catholics. Religion is, to the Protestant, a thing apart. 'Tis the Catholics whose existence. Some mixed marriages are happy. The majority are compromises for peace sake. As one, whose I loved, recently turned Methodist, he told me that I am an authority on "evil communications corrupting good manners." Catholics claim to oppose such marriages. But I say unto you, there's more joy in Catholicism over one Protestant who begets one Catholic, than in Protestantism over one Catholic who begets one Protestant. If you are Catholic, would you like to see your wife wretchedly the popes chromo with immortelles? If you be Catholic, would your appetite for breakfast be stimulated by your eyes first opening on Sam Jones' photograph? Either picture affects me like the Sacrament on an empty stomach. In a clerical husband the proper caper? Don't marry a man who has never been contradicted. Inspiration is only saying what you please and calling contradiction "blasphemy." A preacher is a grown up spilt child. The man who is defiled by other men's wives, naturally expresses defilement from his own wife. If he be loaded with public precept, he'll have little room for domestic example. Theory may swamp practice. The sign board, pointing out the road, doesn't share the fatigue of the journey. A man, glorified by those who don't know him, for preaching what he doesn't know, is neither truly practical nor practically true. Marry a preacher! I'd rather be the Virgin Mary, intrigue with the Presbyterian Jehovah and advertise the litter in the "Irish World." If bent on a theological alliance, marry the devil. Perhaps I'm prejudiced. But I see improvement in neither Trinity nor clergy. But, I believe, in every garden, there is a subtle fitness for some goose. I know many happy couples; many more who say they are; still more who remain in matrimony from deference to public opinion. I know of several folks who remain in the penitentiary from a similar cause. Don't make married life too practical. Invite sentiment to visit you occasionally. I'm glad marriage is being modified to fit the times. Every year the old fashioned sacramental theodolite is losing "sanctity." Before long a preacher will have no more power to join than to separate; to get folks into trouble than to get them out. Contractors will be subject to quarantine because of their sanctity. A word will be as potent as a deed. "Mother" is the holiest name in any language, "old maid" is not blasphemous. She will learn that propagating a regiment of children, groveling before man and worshipping his deity are not woman's work. Then, and not till then, shall we spend less time studying animals and devote more care to man.

Abilene, Texas, Aug. 30, 1905.
My Dear Mr. Moore:
Your letters of late have been so instructive and interesting that I think I ought to say a few words to you. I let your readers know how we are situated in this country, on that line. We have some of the most intellectual men who advocate Free thought and take it, like your letters, from a scientific point of view. They hold their own with the opposite side in a manner that shows their acquaintance with the Bible to be equal to that of the other side. We want facts and truth of which I am a great lover, and consecrate much of my daily thought to such investigation. No man can be deep and scientific without constant application. Respectfully,
J. W. ROBERTS.
Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 1, 1905.
Mr. James R. Hughes:
Dear Sir—I will request you to kindly discontinue sending the Blue Grass Blade to my father's address, and oblige.
Yours truly,
TOM O. SMITH.
The letter head on which this is written shows that the two sons of the deceased infidel humanitarian and moralist are president and vice president of a trust company with a capital of \$500,000. They are Methodists and will use the money that their infidel father gave them to help Methodist preachers. In the Blue Grass Blade of July 30th was printed an excellent article on "Moral Man," by Dr. T. J. Bowles, of Muncie, Ind. I have clipped it out and expect to send it to you in the Review. The Doctor has promised to write an article for this magazine on the "History, Uses and Abuses of Alcohol," from the viewpoint of the scientist, the physician and the moralist, which doubtless will be of great value and interest.—Humanitarian Review.
The Humanitarian Review is an excellent monthly. It highly recommends Mrs. Henry's writings.
REDUCED RATES
QUEEN AND CRESCENT ROUTE
To Boone County Fair, Florence, Ky., August 30th, Sept. 2nd inclusive
One Fare for the Round Trip.
Tickets on sale from Sept. 1st to Woodside, Ky. Final limit Sept. 2nd. Ask ticket agents for particulars.

Gridley, California, Sept. 28, 1905.
Editor Moore,
Dear Sir—I am one of your old subscribers, and thought I would renew my subscription for another year. I am sorry there are very few infidels in this country. I am now 60 years of age and am able to do hard work in the field pitchfork boy. I have been an infidel ever since I was a little boy. I don't believe in slavery, I have studied the Bible from beginning to end. I don't believe in Samson's fox story nor in his winning a battle with a jaw bone. I don't believe in that old bald head who called on God to kill those children for revenge. If God is that cruel I never want to see him. I am in good health and never was sick, I suppose God is blessing me, I want no priest or preacher at my funeral—A. J. YAN-DELL.
DEFENDS ROCKEFELLER.
Hagerstown, Md., Sep. 3, 1905.
Friend Moore:
Miss Lou Lawrence's defence of John D. Rockefeller is one of the most sensible articles I have yet seen on the subject, and some one should send him a marked copy of the Aug. 27th Blade containing it, for which he should send her not less than \$10,000, subscribe for life for the Blade, leave the church, turn Rationalist and give \$10,000,000 to Rationalism to exterminate superstition and enlighten mankind mentally and as his oil has lighted up the physical darkness in which mankind would otherwise have groped. It is senseless to denounce a man for taking advantage of the monopoly laws we have made to enrich himself thereby. We ourselves would likely have taken the same advantage if opportunity had offered. If the law is wrong, denounce and change it, but don't denounce the man who has simply done what you yourself would have done under similar circumstances. Many of the poor I know are derelictly so because they are very indolent, extravagant, shiftless and dishonest, while most of the rich I know are very industrious, economical, enterprising and honest and naturally prosper because thereof. The same is likewise doubtless true elsewhere. Sincerely yours for justice to the much abused millionaire.
D. WEBSTER GROH.
SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR A JESUS.
In a wholesale idol house and manufactory of small idols is a workman whom I examined for life insurance. He is a Catholic, but not a really "good one." In answering the question: "What is your occupation?" I was told that he was a "molder of images." I ventured to ask him about the work and trade in these images and led him out extensively on the subject. He laughed at his own vocation, and said that all a man had to do to rid himself of superstition is just to trade in it. He said he had just completed three Jesuses which were to be shipped to the city of Mexico. These Jesuses were about two feet long. How much do you get for a Jesus of that size? said I. "Twenty-five dollars each," he replied. The trade in images in this country must be something enormous, running up into many millions yearly. These very people are sending missionaries to the heathen with the view primarily of changing their beliefs; but their real intent is to displace heathen idols and switch their patronage to those of their own make. With the heathen world converted to Christianity there is a billion dollars in sight, in the trade of images alone. If there be a God, why don't he protect the poor heathen from these idolatrous priests of prey? W.
The letter head on which this is written shows that the two sons of the deceased infidel humanitarian and moralist are president and vice president of a trust company with a capital of \$500,000. They are Methodists and will use the money that their infidel father gave them to help Methodist preachers. In the Blue Grass Blade of July 30th was printed an excellent article on "Moral Man," by Dr. T. J. Bowles, of Muncie, Ind. I have clipped it out and expect to send it to you in the Review. The Doctor has promised to write an article for this magazine on the "History, Uses and Abuses of Alcohol," from the viewpoint of the scientist, the physician and the moralist, which doubtless will be of great value and interest.—Humanitarian Review.
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THE TRUTH SEEKER AND THE BLADE COMPARED

The Truth Seeker and the Blade of September second and third respectively came to me at the same time. I have complained lately that the T. S. was having a bad influence, morally, by printing articles in favor of free love and anarchy, and the last two issues of it have been free from this and the T. S. of September 2nd, is a perfectly moral paper that any moralist can hand to any one.

It does not yet as openly espouse the cause of virtue and renounced vice as I would like to see it do, and hope that soon it will do, but there is nothing immoral in it. If I ignore one or two little spots to anarchy thrown in by correspondents, that are hardly worthy of consideration.

These are now the only two weekly infidel papers published in America.

The free-lovers and anarchy-chasers, Christian and infidel combined, have lately made a great effort to capture infidelity, and I thought they had captured the T. S., but the plain announcement of that paper it had found that the infidels (it calls them "Free thinkers") of America were opposed to free love and anarchy together with the Blade's incessant opposition to them, now settles it, for a while at least, that the two have wasted their energies in trying to capture infidelity.

No other American infidel publication had ever sanctioned either free love or anarchy, though none of them had been sufficiently pronounced against the two: so that we may conclude from this, that a man who sympathizes with either free love or anarchy is not a representative infidel. As long as the T. S. refrains from any advocacy of immorality, as it is now doing, I will be its friend, but will again be its enemy if it again teaches immorality.

And now I am going to draw some contrasts between the T. S. and the Blade.

I calculate that the T. S. of that issue printed 25126 words of reading matter, but I would guess that of those words were about 2000 words that could be read to greater advantage, and more fully in an ordinary newspaper. For 65 cents a year, I will send to any patron of the Blade the New York World, three times a week, having in it all the important news of the world, so that I regard it as simply a waste to put into an infidel paper such things as may be found much cheaper elsewhere.

In the corresponding issue of the Blade there were, I estimated, 15890 words, so that I think that of the reading matter that is desirable in an infidel paper, the T. S. had only about 4000 words more than the Blade has, and there is scarcely a line in the Blade that is not perfectly fitted for an infidel paper, that is edited in the interest of good morals. So far as the quality of the matter printed in the two papers is concerned I think the Blade's is the better, and Editor Macdonald probably thinks that of the T. S. is the better.

When these comes to the price of the two there is a broad difference. The Blade can be gotten for \$1.00 for a single number, or for 50 cents in clubs of 5 or more, and for 2 cents a single copy mailed to any address, or 1 cent a copy in packages of 5 or over, to one address. The T. S. is \$3.00 a year for a single copy, no club rates, and 7 cents for a single copy, and yet, even at these rates, I send to the T. S. show that it is begging money and that on that week \$37 have been sent, nearly all given to it, two men giving \$10 each.

I do not ask anybody to give to the Blade, and greatly prefer that all money coming to it should be for papers, at the rates I have mentioned.

Besides this the T. S. has been published 12 years longer than the Blade has, and has been published in the North where there are more infidels than in the South and its editor has never been fined or imprisoned as I have been and when it is known that none of the money that comes to it is for me, but all goes to the Blade's printer, a man who depends on his work for his living, while my condition is such that I cannot help him, don't it seem to you that all that you ought to make more exertion and more sacrifice to help this paper than you do?

It seems to me that the Blade is a prettier paper than the T. S. is, and is in easier shape to read, and better shape to send off to a friend.

Even the Christian liquor "Harpoon" man complimented the appearance of the paper, lately, when he was abusing me, with a large and varied assortment of vituperation.

I do not believe that in the whole history of America any printer has so stood by a paper, on principle, as Mr. Hughes has done by this paper. He is a moralist, and I suppose has worked harder than any printer that ever lived in Lexington.

I do not expect people to send \$10 at a time as gifts to the Blade and do not ask it, but it does seem to me

that I, personally know many of its friends who could afford to be much more generous to this paper than they are.

I do not believe that in the whole United States there is a single editor who is loved by as many patrons as I am.

I do not believe that any of these political or religious editors are really loved by their readers.

There are of course, thousands of people who profess to love those editors, but they only do it for policy and knowing that such editors publish their papers for money.

When a man or woman professes to love me, it is certainly genuine, for so far from there being in it, any profit to them it is a business disadvantage to them, and you will not see in any paper in the world such expressions of love for the editor as you see in the Blade, and Mr. Hughes, though much younger than I am, is but little, if any, more much to see the color of the half of one of them that could prevent me reading anything I like. My advice to all the infidel papers you want, and let the old women rear and be it. That's the way I am doing now and the way I have been doing the past twenty-five years and I am not baidheaded either. If I am ostracised by any one, I am sure I do not know it. My Christian friends all know that I am a "straight goods" man, and that I am morally, and I am the equal of the very best of them.

One thing I greatly fear is that a large majority of Free Thinkers do not fully comprehend the vast importance of the world of the issue pending between reason and religion, between common sense and non-sense, intelligence and ignorance, scientific philosophy and the spouting of S. P. "Loud Thunder! Loud Thunder! Stage Thunder! Pulpit Thunder! Thunder and Lightning! Thunder and Blazes! Thunder and Damnation!! 'Caramba! Erin Go Braugh! Holy-Ho-ly-Ho-Ho-Ho-ly-Ho-ly! Who said that?" Fraternally, E. J. BUCK.

Manchester, Kansas, Aug. 23, 1905. Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Friend—Enclosed please find \$3.00—\$2.00 to set my tab ahead to November 1906, and \$1.00 for "Dox Pencil." Don't you think that the Sunday school children should be prosecuted for teaching our children and obtaining money from them for telling them that this world is only about 6000 years old and that Adam was the first man on earth and that God came down to the garden in the cool of the day and caught Adam and Eve hid in the brush sparkling, and for something they had done that they had marked forever. On the other hand, our public school teachers tell the same children on Monday that it is proved by many facts that this world has been populated for millions of years.—ISAAC GIBBS.

P. S.—Change my address from Industry, Kansas to Manchester, Kansas.

Orangeville, Aug. 23, 1905. Mr. Chas. C. Moore.

Dear Sir—I see by my tab that my subscription to the Blade is out, perhaps a week or two more. I therefore enclose another dollar to set me ahead to August E. M. 1906. I would have sent it sooner, but I can't tell you how hard it is to get a dollar more than I must have for bread. My tax must be paid, and I don't know how I will get coal for next winter, I am almost 75 years old, don't get a pension, as many of my neighbors do, can't do any hard work as I used to, so I have only a small income from a few ten-cent jobs, but I must have the Blade if I must do without something else.—M. S. HAYTHURST.

Orangeville, Pa.

Grady, I. T., Sept. 3, 1905. Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir—I subscribed for and read several papers and may again, and honestly think your ideas on being good, and doing good to others, that your voice in the Blade, are calculated to do more good than any man I have ever read after. I shall ever remember the pleasure and profit of your visit to my home while you were in this country. I have never met any one that so impressed me as you did, and my wife and children show with me the same opinion. I have many times said that life was living living to my you, often I hope to be able to meet you again, and assure you that you have caused me to be more than convinced of the fact that the only and best position to take is to do right simply because it is right. With kind regards to you for years, I am respectfully,—W. C. SAPPINON.

Silver Valley, Texas, 1905. Editor Blue Grass Blade.

As there is being considerable complaint made by the editors of some Free Thought papers, because the scanty support being extended some publication, I wish to say that this seeming indifference of Free Thinkers is due more to cowardice than anything else. It is not because they are too stinky, poor or indifferent, it is the

fear of ostracism and the fanatical fury of their wives. It is just as natural for a woman to be in love with some supernatural hero, as it is for her to have the last word in an argument. I think I would be perfectly safe in saying that there is not more than one-fifth part of Free Thinkers that ever read a Free Thought publication of any kind and not more than one in ten that are regular subscribers to a F. T. paper. I have about ten near neighbors who are unbelievers, and who do not only not take a Free Thought paper, but cannot be induced to take a book or a paper of that kind on their premises. They are afraid of their wives. The Sky Pilot and the women are a power in the land "and don't you forget"—If they were permitted to have their way the people of this world would soon be sunk to their eyes in the mire of religious rot, and for my part, I would sooner be in hell than to live here under such conditions. While I am far from being an enemy of the fair sex, I would like very much to see the color of the half of one of them that could prevent me reading anything I like. My advice to all the infidel papers you want, and let the old women rear and be it. That's the way I am doing now and the way I have been doing the past twenty-five years and I am not baidheaded either. If I am ostracised by any one, I am sure I do not know it. My Christian friends all know that I am a "straight goods" man, and that I am morally, and I am the equal of the very best of them.

One thing I greatly fear is that a large majority of Free Thinkers do not fully comprehend the vast importance of the world of the issue pending between reason and religion, between common sense and non-sense, intelligence and ignorance, scientific philosophy and the spouting of S. P. "Loud Thunder! Loud Thunder! Stage Thunder! Pulpit Thunder! Thunder and Lightning! Thunder and Blazes! Thunder and Damnation!! 'Caramba! Erin Go Braugh! Holy-Ho-ly-Ho-Ho-Ho-ly-Ho-ly! Who said that?" Fraternally, E. J. BUCK.

SMALL FAMILIES. Mancie, Ind., Sept. 1, 1905. Editor Blue Grass Blade: The moral man and the moral woman will do everything in their power to lessen the awful evils of poverty in the world, and as large families are the chief cause of the poverty that disgraces and debases a large portion of mankind, it becomes the duty of every good man and every good woman to use every legitimate influence that is possible, to discourage the procreation of large families of children.

Not only the blighting effects of poverty, but the trouble scourge of alcoholic intemperance and drunkenness are easily and directly traceable to the hopelessly helpless large families that are brought into the world by thoughtless and ignorant parents, and as all good men and all good women seek to overthrow the alcohol traffic and the drink evil, it becomes their imperative duty to preach the evangel of small families, until every child that is born into the world shall have received an opportunity for development. It is perfectly safe to say that at least one-half the men and women now living should never have been born, because fully this per cent. are hopelessly helpless, and it is certainly the duty of all good men and all good women to prevent, if possible, the further increase of miserable human beings, and this can only be accomplished by encouraging the fathers, and the mothers to rear very small families. A large volume might be written on the vital importance of limiting the size of every family of children in the world, but every sane person who reads these lines will need no further proof of its importance than the mere statement of the undeniable fact that it would in a very large measure rid the world of poverty and drunkenness and crime.

It certainly requires no argument to convince a rational person that every human being has the right to be born with a star of hope in the future.

DR. T. J. BOWLER.

Lemoore, California, Aug. 20, 1905. Blue Grass Blade.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the Blade the coming year. I am now in my 81st year, but am entirely too young to be without the light from this brilliant star of progress; this grand aid to civilization.

Friend Moore, I can realize to some extent the strenuous effort and almost superhuman exertion it requires to keep this light alive, and shining. But Christian idolatry, heathenism and ignorance demand it—demand this har-binger of civilization, and this demand keeps it alive. We to a certain extent, breathe the air of religious freedom, which evolution has brought us, but still we are but a short step in advance of barbarism; scarcely enter-

ed the portals of civilization. The paraphernalia of cruel devastating war is all around us. The dense clouds of Christian idolatry, superstition and ignorance are everywhere. Selfish, relentless greed and cold, heartless inhuman avarice, like a dense fog, envelop us, beside countless lesser social evils.

All of these demand the moralizing influence of the Blade, and it cannot be dispensed with.

Although the Blade is not a financial success to you it is building an everlasting monument to your memory, for good.—B. HAMLIN.

Beoville, Texas, Aug. 27, 1905. Brother Hughes.

Enclosed find \$2.00—one for subscription and one for Dr. Wilson's Rome book.

The Blade is the best paper with which I am acquainted. I am delighted with it and have been a subscriber for a long time. It has helped me to be a good man, but I cannot be as good as I want to be because my surroundings are not good.

When a man is poor and has a large family to support and educate by the word from the door, I cannot see how he is going to be happy, but I agree with friend Moore that happiness is all there is in life worth living for.

We must have food and clothing and houses, and other ordinary comforts of life to be happy.

But when I see good, honest, hard-working men and women, like the farmers in this country, working for 12 or 13 months a year, with drouth, boll weevil, washouts and many other things and barely get out even at the end of the year, and see his family sitting in the shade in some fine office and doing no work at all, and getting many times as much money as farmers do, I think there is some big injustice somewhere.

Honest work is dishonored, and the harder the work, the less one gets for doing it.

We have got to have some change before we can have any appreciable happiness. I am a carpenter 57 years old, and have a good and loving wife and seven good and loving children.

I am like you, Brother Moore; I have done the best I could. I made honesty my religion in early life and I expect to live by it and die by it. I believe Brother Moore, if you would write that Bible that you have spoken of, it would be the greatest hit of your life. I believe that you are about the only man who could do the work right. You would give us a good, clean book, and it would do more to establish fame for you in years to come than anything you could do, not excepting your going to the penitentiary in Columbus.

If you ever print such a Bible you can count on me for five or more copies.—E. H. MICHOT.

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